

The Oddest of Them All

by Storytellers Inc

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Summary: I 'm not good at summaries. All I can say is HiccupXOC I will start with the movies and then follow television show.
HiccupxOC

1. Chapter 1

Chapter One

The curtain closed. The music stopped. The audience applauded; I had finished my very first solo dance performance. Then all of a sudden I hear shouts and screams from stage left, I looked to see a burly red-haired Viking walking towards me.

(Stoick's POV)

I knew having a dancer as one of the twenty-nine slaves we have back on Berk would be an improvement. Rafalda, the keeper of the slaves, told we had plenty of slaves and that we had no need for anymore but I'm sure she would like to have a quick and agile girl among the others younger girls and women.

Once the curtain closed the other Vikings joined me. "Take anything of value, no killing, you know the drill." I told them then headed onto the stage and towards the girl.

(Magnolia's POV)

He lifted me off the floor with one hand around my middle and stormed out of the theater. I checked to see if my treasured magnolia hair-clip from my parents hair, keeping it out of my face. It was, my only hope was that the Viking wouldn't take it away from me; the magnolia clip was the only thing I had of my parents who left on the doorsteps of that damned theater when I was five days old, either they didn't me, couldn't take care of me, or they wanted me to have a

better life I than they had.

I didn't realize I was on a boat until I was set down gently, surprisingly, on a wooden chair. I looked up at the Viking who brought me here.

(Stoick's POV)

"Where are we going, and what is to become of me?" she asked politely.

"You are to be a slave on the Island of Berk, well we don't really treat our slaves as slaves they're all really more of extra pairs of hands to help with the work, repairing buildings, fishing, hunting, raising livestock, and so on." I told her.

"Then instead of labeling them as slaves why don't you call the 'Local Task Force'?" she questioned. I stared at her in disbelief. _Why didn't I think of that? _I thought.

"That is actually very smart idea." I said kneeling down to her eye level.

"Thank you." She nodded.

"What is your name?" I asked her.

"Magnolia." She answered, extending her hand for me to shake.

"Well Magnolia, I am Stoick the Vast and Proud Chieftain of Berk." I introduced myself, shaking her hand. Then suddenly I saw something sparkle in her hair as it reflected the moonlight. "What have you got in your hair Lass?" I asked her. She brought her hand to her head and pulled something from her hair. It was silver magnolia flower hair with detailed swirls on the petals in all different colors, such as: blue, pink, yellow, red, orange, purple, and green.

"This is the only thing I have of my parents', they left me on the doorstep of that theater when I was five days old so the dance instructor had the maids raise me and that is what they all decided on calling me, Magnolia." She explained to me then placed it back in her hair.

(Magnolia's POV)

"I was always the odd one out at the theater; hopefully I will have a better life on Berk than back there." I sighed looking back at the land I grew up on as the ship sailed away.

The voyage to Berk took a week and a half and during that time I had gotten to know Stoick and the other Vikings a lot more.

"One hour till we reach Berk Stoick." one of the other Vikings called out from the helm.

"Good." Stoick nodded then walked over to the side of the ship where I stood.

"You know what, I think you'll get along just fine with the others." He said to me.

"Really?" I asked.

"Sure you get along pretty well with everyone on the ship; I don't see how you won't befriend the rest of Berk!" Stoick laughed. "Speaking of Berk there is one important thing you probably should know," he told me "You see, on Berk we have pests."

"What kind of pests?" I questioned.

"Dragons." He said seriously, I knew so little of the world so I decided to trust his word.

"Oh, okay." I said softly to assure the Viking that I believed him.

"Stoick, we're nearing Berk!" the same Viking at the helm from before shouted to his leader. Stoick nodded then looked at me and pulled out a pair of shackles from his pocket.

"The people of Berk obviously don't know that I have changed the slaves' label to the 'Local Task Force' so your going to have to wear these till you are at Rafalda's place, alright?" he told me.

"I understand." I nodded and he locked the shackles onto my wrists. When we arrived at the docks he led me off of the ship.

"An old friend of mine named Gobber will take you to Rafalda, I will go immediately change the title of the slaves, hopefully Rafalda will have something you can change into." He said gesturing to the sapphire costume I wore for my performance of 'The Dance of Tears'.

"Yes, hopefully." I agreed and I walked beside as he searched for his friend through the crowd of people coming to greet him and help unload the boat.

****A/N****

****Hello Readers I am the Imagineer and this is my first HTTYD fanfic. SO PLEASE REVIEW because you comments help me breathe. Also IF you are a fan of Loki the sexy god of mischief then I suggest checking out our other Fanfiction stories by not only myself but my fabulous sister the AuthoressExtraordinaire.****

****I LOVE YOU ALL, YOU'RE ALL BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE ****

2. Chapter 2

****Author's Note ****

****Wowzers I'm back everyone, did you miss me? Here is chapter two. â€" Imagineer****

Chapter Two

****(Stoick's POV)****

"Welcome back Stoick, there was a raid while ye were gone 'bout four

days ago." Gobber informed me. I was shocked to hear this but I hid it well.

"Hiccup wasn't the cause of the most of the damage was he?" I asked not really wanting to know what the answer was.

"Surprisingly no, he was busy helping me sharpening axes and passing out weapons." Gobber replied, I sighed in relief.

"The one time my son is too busy to try and kill a dragon and I'm not here to see it." I looked behind me remembering Magnolia.

"I have a task for you my friend," I told Gobber.

"What do ye need me to do Stoick?" he asked. I lifted Magnolia by her chain in front of Gobber.

"I need you to take this one to Rafalda and to tell her that we are not calling our slaves, well, slaves anymore." I said handing her over to Gobber.

"If we're not calling them slaves anymore Stoick then what are we calling them?" He asked.

"We're calling the our 'Local Task Force', what is the point in calling them slaves we don't even treat them like slaves." I explained to him.

"I have to agree with ye there Stoick, but what about the others?" Gobber questioned.

"I'll explain it to them don't worry they'll understand." I assured him.

(Magnolia's POV)

"All right then Stoick, if you say so. Now go to yer house and rest, ye must be tired from traveling." Gobber said to Stoick who nodded in agreement, I knew he was tired.

"C'mon Lass let's go." He told me and we walked away from Stoick. As we walked I remember all of the wonderful things he told me about his son, that he was an amazing inventor, and blacksmith, always full of astonishing ideas.

"So, what's yer name Lass?" He asked pulling me from my thoughts.

"Magnolia, Sir." I answered him.

"Ah, like the blossom, it suits you very well Lass." He nodded.

"Thank you, Sir." I said. Rafalda's house was near the tree line, almost but not quite. Gobber knocked on the door it opened to show Rafalda on the other side. She was the same height as Gobber and had dark brown hair in a thick braid.

"Ah, Gobber what brings ye to my neck of the woods; need a slave to help ye instead of that Hiccup?" She asked her voice was sour when

she spoke Hiccup's name.

'_Why would she speak of the Chief's son in such a manner?_' I thought.

"Stoick told me to give the Lass here to ye and to tell ye that we're not calling them slaves anymore, we're calling them the 'Local Task Force'." He informed her.

"Why?" She asked.

"Because we don't exactly treat them like slaves if ye haven't notice." Gobber answered.

"Ye have a point there." Rafalda said. Then she turned her gaze to me.

What's yer name?" she asked me.

"Magnolia, Ma'am." I answered her.

"Follow me then. Have a good day Gobber." Rafalda told me then looked at Gobber turned and walked into the house with me following behind her. On our way she grabbed a neat pile of clothes from a closet close to a set of stairs.

"You star working as soon as ye get out of yer fancy clothes." I followed her upstairs to a huge room where all of the other females slept. The few that were in the room at the moment stared at me as I entered Rafalda handed me my clothes then left, I felt something poke my arm, I looked down to see a small brown eyed, brown haired girl who looked to be about seven years old.

"Hello, I'm Anna, I like yer pretty dress." She said.

"Thank you, my name is Magnolia. This is not a dress though; it is a costume that I wore for my solo dance." I explained to her as I changed from the sleeveless costume and into a short gray tunic with black leggings, boots, and a furry vest that reached my hips. The other ladies in the room came over to look at my costume and ballet shoes.

"I'm Rachel." A twenty year old, red haired, green eyed lady shook my hand then introduced me to the others; I realized that I was the only golden blonde in the room, any other blonde I met were brownish blondes or red-blondes.

After meeting them I went downstairs to receive the chores I would have to accomplish today.

"First ye must go an' fetch two buckets of water then take them to Gobber; he'll be in the blacksmith's shack. Next ye must take lunch to the homes of all the Vikings who just got back they need their rest so there is no need to make them walk to the Mead Hall. When you're done with that go to the healers, they'll probably ask ye to collect herbs and flowers from the forest. After that you're to go to the Mead Hall to serve dinner and wash dishes. Got it?" Rafalda asked me, I nodded notifying that I remembered every word she said. "Good, Rachel will show ye where the spring is." She nodded to Rachel, who stood not far behind me. I walked with Rachel through the forest, not

far from the town, to where the spring was.

"So you were actually willing to come here when they took you, why?" Rachel asked me as I filled each bucket with water.

"Because I figured I would have better life here on Berk then back where I came from, besides I have made more friends here compared to my so called 'home' where I had not even a rodent to talk to, no one." I told her as I got up with a bucket in each hand and kept walking back to the town. Rachel and I parted ways, she to the Mead Hall, and I to Gobber's blacksmith shack.

I must stop here for now dear readers, but fear not, this story will have more exciting chapters to come I promise.

** - Imagineer**

3. Chapter 3

**Too much has been going on. My sincerest apologies dear readers. I hope that you enjoy this chapter. ~ Imagineer**

Chapter 3

(Magnolia's POV)

"Hello again Gobber." I greeted the blacksmith as I walked in and set down the buckets close by.__

"Well its good to see that yer fitting in quickly Magnolia." Said Gobber.

"I cannot stay and chat at the moment, there is work to be done, see you later Gobber." I told him and turned to find Rachel. I found her five minutes later pushing a cart full of large baskets.

"Wow, I guess Vikings eat a lot." I said walking up to Rachel.

"Aye, the first house we're delivering to is the most terrifying." Rachel replied.

"How so?" I asked her as we stopped at the first house.

"Because, that is Stoick's house." Rachel whispered, "Everyone is terrified by him, every slave anyway."

"We are not slaves Rachel, I'm not afraid of him." I told her and then took a basket up to his front door and knocked loudly.

(Stoick's POV)

I forced myself out of bed when I heard a knock on my door.

"You look very tired Stoick." Said Magnolia when I opened the door. I chuckled.

"And look at you, you look like yer fitting in quite nicely." I replied.

"Here is some food." Magnolia handed me the basket that she was holding.

"Thank you Magnolia." I told her. I was glad that she was fitting in so well.

"Your welcome." She then turned and walked back to the cart and another girl who seemed to be astonished by her.

(Magnolia's POV)

After delivering the rest of the baskets and having short chats with a few of the other Vikings that I had befriended I headed to the Healer's hut. Rachel still could not believe that I had befriended the Chief.

I greeted the old woman with a warm smile and then told her that Rafalda had sent me. The old woman smiled back and nodded then handed me a sheet of paper and a woven basket.

"This paper will tell you which plants I need you to retrieve for me and it also shows a picture so you know what you are looking for." She told me kindly, I nodded then walked to the forest.

(Hiccup's POV)

As soon as I heard that my dad was back I decided to take a hike and kept walking till I reached my mother's grave marker, even though her body was not beneath the earth I still felt close to her when I was here. She had meant the world to my dad and I; her death had torn us apart.

I ran from her grave marker and kept running till I came to a clearing surrounded by trees and a small stream. It was peaceful here I sat against a tree and cried till I fell asleep.

(Magnolia's POV)

My basket was halfway full as I ventured further into the woods. As I came closer to a clearing I began to sing.

Time is a river that flows endlessly

And a life is a whisper, a kiss in a dream

Shadows stand behind the firelight and oh

_The spirits of the night remind us _

We are not alone

_Tomorrow the sun soon rising _

And yesterday is there beside us

And it's never far away

If you listen to the wind you can hear me again

Even when I'm gone you can still hear the sound
High up in the trees as it moves through the leaves
Listen to the wind there's no end to
My love is forever a circle unbroken
_The season keep changing _
It always remains
Spring will melt the snows of winter
And the summer gives its days a light so long
Till autumn makes it fade
Remember the sound of laughter
_We ran together through the meadows _
Till we thought our hearts would break
If you listen to the wind you can hear me again
Even when I'm gone you can still hear the sound
High up in the trees as it moves through the leaves
Listen to the wind and I'll send you my love

(Hiccup's POV)

I woke to the sound of singing; it was the most beautiful thing I had ever heard before. The voice was heading near where I was so I hid behind one of the larger trees near the one I had fallen asleep against. A girl, close to my age (fifteen or sixteen), was the one who was singing. As I gazed upon her I saw her foreign features: gold hair, vibrant sapphire blue eyes, curved figure. The girl walked into the center of the clearing and continued singing.

Listen to the wind where the sky meets the land
I'm not really gone I've been here all along
High up in the trees hear the sound of the leaves
_Listen to the wind there's no end to my _
_Time is a river that flows endlessly and _
My life is a whisper, a kiss in a dream

When she had finished singing a ray of sunlight shone through the light gray clouds above and made her golden hair shimmer. I was about to quietly come out from my hiding place to introduce myself when I tripped on a large root sticking out of the ground.

"_Great, now she'll laugh and think I'm a clumsy oaf just like

everyone else." _I thought.

She quickly turned and saw me pathetically sprawled on the ground. Her eyes grew wide withâ€|. concern?

"Oh my goodness, are you okay!" she ran and knelt by my side.

"Y-y-yeah, I just tripped over a root." I stuttered, shocked that she was concerned.

"Are you sure, it looks like you've been crying. It was my singing wasn't it; I know I'm not good at it but its something I've always loved to do. I am sorry for disturbing your peace." She helped me to my feet and then began to walk away.

"No wait!" she stopped and looked back at me over her shoulder.

"Your voice is amazing, I've never heard anything like it. You didn't interrupt anything I was just sleeping. The reason why I look like I've been crying is that I had visited my mother's grave, she disappeared when I was pretty young." I explained to her. It was at hearing this that she turned fully and embraced me in a comforting hug.

"Be glad that you had those few years with her, for those are the memories that you will hold with you in your heart and treasure forever. I never knew and still don't know my mother and father. I have no memories." She whispered and I hugged her back, her voice was so forlorn.

"They were unable to care for me and wanted me to have a better life so they placed me on the doorstep of a theater." She then told me everything about her life, her name, and the events of the past week, and how glad she was to be here. I was glad that she was here too.

"So I see you've not only met my dad but befriended him." I said to her as we laid side by side on the grass.

"So you are Hiccup, Stoick spoke so highly of you. It is wonderful to have finally met you." Magnolia said as she turned on her side facing me.

"Really?" I asked as I turned on my facing her as well. "What does my dad think of me?"

"He thinks you are very talented and intelligent young man, although those are not his exact words it means the same. He can never understand those huge scientific words that you use when you are explaining something to him." Magnolia explained.

"Magnolia," I said

"Yes Hiccup?" She asked.

"You've really brightened my day." I smiled at her.

"I was going to say the same about you Hiccup." She smiled back.

****I hope that you have all enjoyed this chapter. I will hopefully
write more soon.****

~Imagineer****

End
file.